

IOWA LEAVES HER CRADLE MID CHEERS.

The Mightiest Battleship Afloat Is Christened with Champagne.

How Miss Drake Performed That Function, as Told by a Woman.

A Memorable Scene Witnessed by Thousands at Cramps's Shipyard, and Attended by High Officials.

WHISTLES PROCLAIM THE LAUNCH.

A Propitious Day, but the Great Crowd Necessitates the Abandoning of Speeches at the Guest's Lunch soon After the Ceremony.

Philadelphia, March 28.—With a conscious thrill and a trembling of her beautiful frame the great battleship Iowa slid down the ways at Cramps' Dock Yard this afternoon and plunged into the Delaware River to an accompaniment of cheers from thousands of throats and whistles of all descriptions from dock and river, that roared again and again with wild enthusiasm.

Over 100,000 people were gathered about the great ship. The wharves were black with humanity; the roofs were filled, windows were choked with heads, and the river tugs with people.

Nature smiled upon the big ship's christening. Blue skies looked upon the ceremony, and soft breezes made the air delightful. There were roses and violets everywhere, and pretty girls in fetching frocks and dazzling spring bonnets.

Every woman wore a flower of some sort, and the Governor's staff officers, in their uniforms, lent color to the scene.

Iowa's brave men and fair maids were out in force to see the graceful ship receive its baptism of sparkling champagne.

Where were Senators and Congressmen and Washington notabilities all over the place. Secretary of the Navy Herbert was there with his pretty daughter and Vice-President Stevenson and his charming wife.

SEEN IN GOOD COMPANY.

I witnessed the launching of the Iowa from the christening stand built up under the stern of the new ship, duffing with flags, where I was the guest of Governor Drake and his daughters.

It was nearly 1:30 when Miss Mary Drake took her position on the little stand that had been prepared for her and smashed the gold-netted wine bottle over the bow of the boat, with the words: "I christen you Iowa!"

She had a pink rose in her hat and a bunch of violets, the color of her eyes, pinned on her jaunty chinchilla cape. A dotted veil fluttered about her face, and when a boy who was hanging on to a post in the neighborhood said, "Isn't she a peach?" every one applauded.

Just as the yellow wine bubbled over the prow of the boat, there was a tremor through its great length, and the sailors on board threw up their hats and shouted themselves hoarse.

Spray dashed up in the sunlight like a shower of light as the great ship slid into the water as gracefully as a bird. The Stars and Stripes fluted from her mast and the Union Jack fluttered from the prow. Garlands of flags were hung from stem to stern, giving the vessel a beauty and picturesque quality that won all hearts.

From early morning men had been at work preparing for the baptism. There was hammering and clanging and noise generally, which subsided later in the day, when a few hundred barrels of oil and tallow were put on the ways in order to facilitate the ship's leap into the sea.

CROWDS AND CHEERS.

Crowds began to arrive early in the day in order to obtain advantageous positions for seeing the launch. There was a bigger assemblage of people than had ever gathered to see a launch before.

Two lines of officers guarded the walk to the christening stand, and kept back the eager throng. They all wanted to see the great ship take its plunge.

The Governor's party left the Hotel Walton at 11:30 o'clock. They were carried over in busses and met by Messrs. Cramp, the ship builders, who escorted us to the platform. The Washington party arrived at about the same time, and joined the Governor's party on the same platform.

Then there was a racket, occasioned by the knocking away of the ship's supports. There was sawing and hammering, and then in another instant the vessel was free. She paused irresolutely a moment, and then shot down into the water. As she started down the river, her flag flying, she was taken in tow by a tug and carried to her mooring place.

Then enthusiasm had its vent and the Iowans shouted themselves hoarse and hurled at will. They looked at the beautiful vessel as it lay proudly at anchor, and spoke of the graceful, steady way in which she had taken her dip into the water.

Luncheon was served in the mould loft of the dock yard. Over eighteen hundred men and women sat down and enjoyed a dainty repast.

Miss Drake occupied the place of honor at the head of the first table, with the Messrs. Cramp beside her.

Next to them sat Mrs. Adair Stevenson and Secretary Herbert, Senator Allison and Senator Seale. During luncheon a ringing poem by H. M. Byers, of Iowa, was read.

A FLOATING FORT.

The Iowa is one of the most powerful vessels of her class. She is colossal in size and gigantic in strength, and the finest vessels of Europe and France are vastly inferior to this ship.

The Iowa resembles the Indiana somewhat, but, while the Indiana is a coast defence vessel, the Iowa is fitted for sea-going battle.

Here are the official dimensions of the new boat: Length on the load water line, 360 feet; extreme breadth, 72 feet 2 1/2 inches; molded depth, 39 feet 4 1/2 inches; mean draught, 24 feet; displacement, or normal draught, 11,300 tons, and with full coal supply, about 12,500 tons. The guaranteed speed is 16 knots, under the usual four-hour trial conditions.

The chief battery of the Iowa consists of four 12-inch breechloading rifles, mounted in pairs in the two main turrets; eight 8-inch breechloading rifles, mounted in pairs at the four turrets at the corners of the casemate; six 4-inch breechloading rifles, mounted in pairs, or with shields, and twenty-two rapid-fire and machine guns.

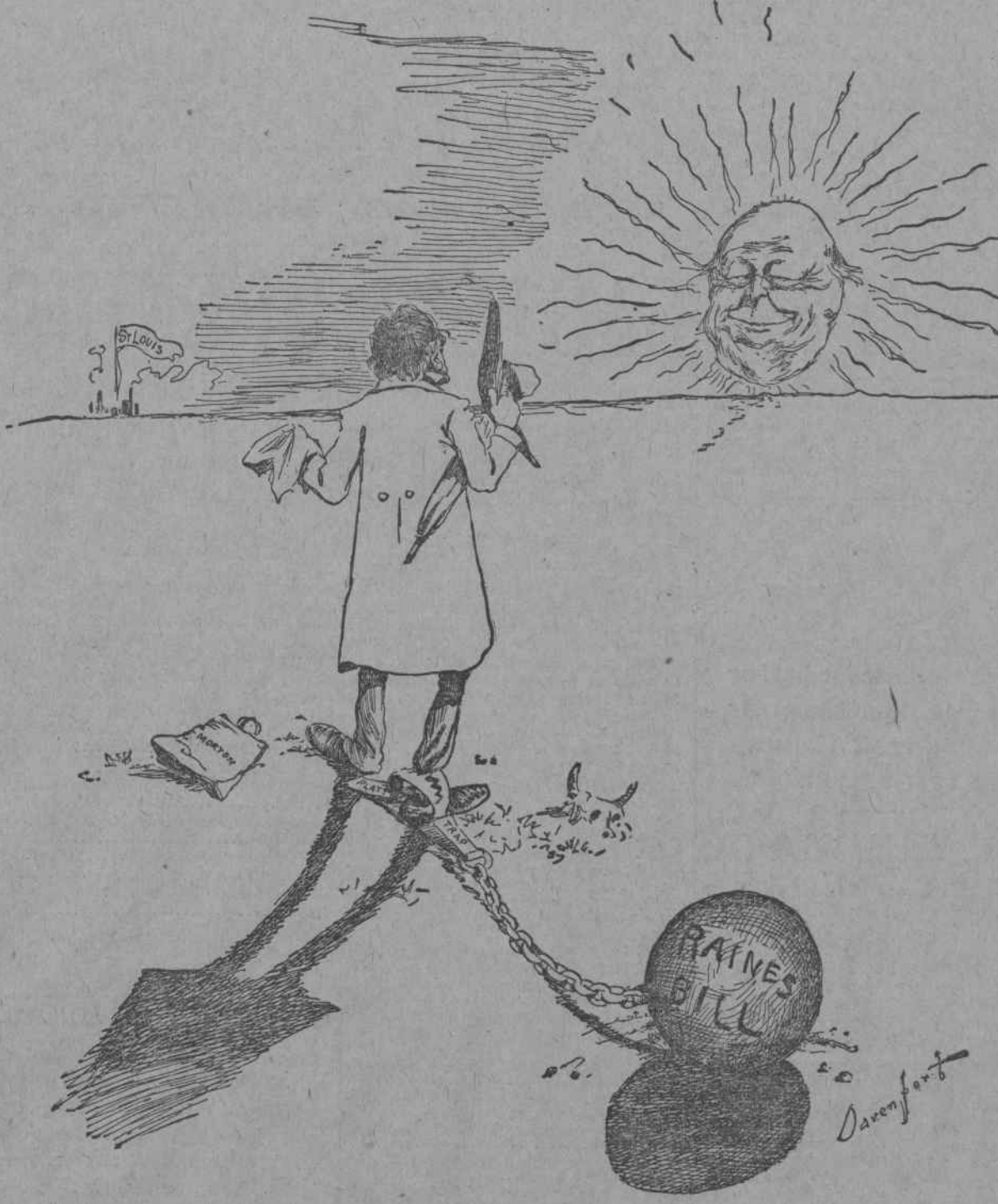
The axis of the forward pair of the 12-inch and all of the 8-inch guns are 28 feet and of the after pair of 12-inch guns 18 feet above the load water line, so that with her big beam she can fight the whole battery in any weather.

The cost of building the Iowa is \$3,010,000.



SCENE OF THE CHRISTENING OF THE BATTLESHIP IOWA, IN PHILADELPHIA.

The ceremonies attendant upon the launching of this mighty war vessel took place at Cramps's shipyard yesterday. The scene depicted above shows Miss Drake, the daughter of Iowa's Governor, just prior to the time when she broke a bottle of champagne over the vessel's great iron prow, and a few of the thousands gathered in the vicinity to witness this memorable event.



THE BELATED TRAVELLER AND THE RISING SUN.

HE SOUGHT HEALTH AND FOUND FORTUNE.

Dr. R. A. Gates, of New York, Went West to Recuperate and Struck Gold.

He and His Daughter Took Part in the Famous "Rush" into the Cherokee Strip.

FOUND ORE IN A NEIGHBOR'S WELL.

He Quietly Leased Twelve Hundred Acres, and May Become a Bonanza King. How Miss Maud Earned a Fee.

A dispatch from Guthrie, Oklahoma, printed in the Journal recently, announced that gold in paying quantities had been discovered on the Gates farm, near Perry, and that a rush of gold seekers had followed. Behind that dispatch is the story of fortune which has befallen a physician, formerly a resident of this city.

Dr. R. A. Gates for many years had an office in Thirty-fourth street. His practice was fairly large, and he lived comfortably with his wife and daughter Maud, a young woman who had been graduated from a medical college in this city, and was a valuable assistant to her father.

WENT WEST TO RECUPERATE.

Five years ago Dr. Gates's health began to fail, and he went west to recuperate. Just at that time the famous "Cherokee Strip" was about to be opened. The doctor and his daughter took part in the rush and were among the first to cross the line. In order to hold their claim, under the law, they were obliged to break ground and eat a meal within a given space of time. To facilitate matters a plough was attached to the end of the wagon and dragged over a hundred yards. A folding table was taken from the wagon and set up, a fire built and in less than half an hour the doctor and his daughter were seated on the broad prairie discussing a substantial meal.

Having secured his 160 acres the doctor purchased another hundred, erected a house, and for four years lived quietly, farming and practicing his profession whenever necessary. His wife joined him, and the three New Yorkers were prepared to spend the rest of their days in their new home.

A few months ago the doctor strolled over to the neighboring farm, owned by a German, who was engaged in well digging. Some fragments of rock beside the well attracted the doctor's attention. Taking one, about the size of a hen's egg, back to his house he pounded it up with a hammer, subjected the particles to a test, and discovered gold among them. That night he had a talk with the German, who, disgusted with life in the West, was easily induced to lease his farm.

FOUND GOLD EVERYWHERE.

The doctor then went out prospecting, and discovered signs of gold everywhere. Samples of rock were sent to a friend in this city, and an assay revealed the fact that the ore ran from \$100 to \$500 a ton. The doctor quietly leased adjacent property until he was in command of 1,200 acres.

At this juncture he received a visit from two strangers, who tried to negotiate with him for working several mines. By dint of questioning the doctor learned that they had been sent by representatives of the

assayer in this city, who, because of the rich samples sent, sought to be first on the ground to begin operations. The doctor refused to negotiate with them, and the strangers left.

With their departure the news of the gold find became public, and a rush was made on the doctor's property. He had secured all his leases, however, and the invaders were forced to retire. Friends in this city were let in "on the ground floor." Several mines are now being operated, and if the yield continues as large as it began, the doctor may become a "bonanza king."

MISS GATES'S \$20 FEE.

Miss Maud Gates has several times visited friends in this city and Brooklyn, and is enthusiastic over her Western life and the prospects held forth. During her last visit, a month ago, she called on a Brooklyn physician and finding him out at his office to await his return. When he entered, after the usual greetings, she handed him \$20.

"What is this for?" he asked.

"That's your fee," she replied, smilingly.

"For what?"

"Well, while you were out a man was struck by a trolley car in front of the house and his arm was broken. They brought him here and I set the arm with some splints I found on the shelf. His friends asked me how much the bill was, and I said, at a guess, \$20. They paid it, and as the splints and office belong to you, the money is rightfully yours."

The doctor, however, refused to take the money.

LOUIS CANALE REARRESTED.

The Police Expect Him to Make a Statement Revealing Lloyds Methods.

Louis Canale, of No. 128 Leonard street, who was arrested a few weeks ago in connection with the alleged bogus charters of the Lloyds fire insurance companies, and was admitted to \$5,000 bail, was rearrested yesterday by Detective Sergeant Cuff and taken to the District-Attorney's office. There have been eight additional indictments found against him.

Canale is the notary public who attested a number of the charters. There is an indictment for each charter.

He was later taken to Police Headquarters at his own request, to remain until Monday.

It is expected that Canale will make a statement to the police, giving full information about the alleged conspiracy, and that he will implicate some men not yet named. He will be arraigned in General Sessions Monday.

CRIED "MAN" AND FAINTED.

A Tipsy Neighbor Frightens a Young Woman of Paterson, N. J.

Paterson, N. J., March 28.—Yesterday morning Miss Bertha Keane, aged twenty, who lives with her father, at No. 230 Hamburg avenue, startled her neighbors by rushing into the street crying "Police!" An officer went with her into the house, where she pointed to a closet, saying that there was a man within. She then fainted. The officer opened the door and found Daniel Moran in a heap in the corner, tipsy or dazed, the officer could not tell which. Moran was taken to the police station and, when he was arraigned said he had got into the wrong house while tipsy. He claims to live in Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn.

The poet Riley is improving. Indianapolis, Ind., March 28.—James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, who has been slightly ill, was able to be about to-day. The report that he has been suffering from brain fever is erroneous.

YOUNG PATRICIAN'S MYSTERIOUS GUEST.

Veiled Woman Sheds Tears Over the Aristocratic Foundling at Bellevue.

His Babyship Is the Centre of Interest and Is Viewed by Large Numbers of Visitors.

APPAREL THAT BEFITS A PRINCE.

Garments of Finest Material Are Supplied to the Little One by Its Unfeeling Mother—The Twins Removed to Randall's Island.

While taking his accustomed rounds Edward J. Burke, of the Mercer Street Police Station, discovered a foundling, a boy, in a basket in the hallway of the office building, No. 18 East Fourteenth street, at 6 o'clock Friday night. The infant was surrounded by a fine wardrobe and a choice assortment of toilet articles. The young patrician was taken to Bellevue Hospital by Patrolman James H. Morris and received by Dr. E. L. Dow, who was in charge at that time.

Nothing has yet been discovered that would tend to disclose the identity of the infantile aristocrat who is now regularly installed in Ward 31 at Bellevue. Upon the little fellow's wrist is the regulation linen tag, upon which is inscribed "Unknown male child." The only distinction he enjoys over other waifs is that he is the sole occupant of a cot, while others of less finely moulded features, poorly chiselled foreheads and lacking in deportment, are compelled to sleep two in a bed.

The latest addition to the foundling department at Bellevue has excited more than the usual amount of curiosity. Scores of swarthy-gowned women visited the institution yesterday and made informal calls upon the little unknown. They were ushered into his majestic presence by a score of nurses, who almost fought for the privilege.

The blue-eyed baby boy presented a picture of contentment as he lay high upon a pillow, with his miniature hands clasped in a supplicating manner, while in his finely curved lips was tightly encased the nipple of a rather unshapely nursing bottle.

True, he had been bereft of all his fashionable apparel, and the unbecoming and severely plain garments of the institution substituted, but even this could not rob him of a natural air of social superiority. He is an infant of uncommon promise.

HAD A VEILED VISITOR.

Yesterday morning his lordship had a visitor who conducted herself strangely. She came heavily veiled, was dressed in the height of fashion, and was evidently a member of one of the best families. The woman was conducted to Ward 31. Her apparent nervousness attracted attention. She hastened to the cot, as if familiar with the baby's face, stooped tenderly over it, and made some incoherent remarks. Upon turning to leave it might have been noticed through the heavy veiling that tears filled her eyes. The woman left no name, disappearing as mysteriously as she had entered.

Although the little stranger has been an inmate of Bellevue for less than two days, he has touched a responsive chord in the breasts of both directors and nurses. He is a model baby. When not asleep he amuses himself by sweeping the apartments with his big, blue eyes, and smiling upon his attendant. He rarely, if ever, cries, and is in every way a paragon of propriety.

HAS AN ELABORATE WARDROBE.

The costly assortment of fine clothing and toilet articles which surrounded the shapely cherubim at the time of his discovery have been carefully folded and placed back in the basket of this modern Moses. In the event of his adoption, which is a strong probability, the young man will begin life anew with a wardrobe that would do credit to the sole heir of a Fifth avenue Croesus.

The collection consists of a white silk hood, trimmed with white; two crocheted jackets of the finest quality of merino wool, several pairs of hand worked boots, in assorted colors; two handsomely built coats of expensive material, together with a liberal supply of the linen skirts and delicately tinted underwear. All of the material used is of the most expensive quality, and demonstrates that the mother is a woman of rare taste and refinement.

There are no clues, and the little one will probably be referred to as the "unknown" until rescued by some sympathetic family and adopted, or given a name by the authorities.

A CHILD'S FATAL CHASE.

While Pursuing a Cow a Ten-Year-Old Girl Is Swept Away in a Blizzard and Smothered.

Cortland, N. Y., March 28.—Mieenah Burves, the ten-year-old daughter of George Burves, who lives near Virgil, this county, was lost in the storm of Thursday night, and was found dead in a snow drift yesterday. The girl's father owns a large farm, and just before dark Thursday evening the cows were turned out of the stable to the watering trough to get a drink. One cow, which was newly purchased, started to run away. As there were no men near by, the little girl threw a shawl over her head and pursued the runaway animal.

There was a very high wind blowing, with snow falling, and the weather was very cold, making a blizzard-like storm. The girl's parents missed the child shortly afterward, and a search was made for her, but she was not to be found. The neighborhood was aroused, and searching parties were organized and the hunt for the girl begun, and it was kept up until after midnight without success.

Early yesterday morning the neighbors gathered, and the surrounding country was again scoured for the little one. Finally, about 9 o'clock in the morning, one of the searching party saw a piece of the shawl sticking out from a huge snow drift, only a short distance from the Burves farm. He dug into the drift and there discovered the ten-year-old girl, dead.

The body was warm when found, and a physician was called, but he could do nothing for her. It is said that she was smothered in the drift.

MARY E. STEVENS WAS THE SUICIDE.

Woman Who Took Her Life in Central Park Identified by Her Brother.

Pathetic Scene at the Morgue When Mr. Stevens Gazed Upon the Face of His Dead Sister.

WAS SUFFERING FROM THE GRIP.

In Ill-Health and Mentally Depressed, the Woman Left Her Brooklyn Home and Made Preparations for Self-Destruction.

Early Friday evening an unknown woman was found upon a bench in Central Park with a bullet hole in her right temple. She was alive when an officer arrived, but unconscious, and died before an ambulance could reach the scene. The woman was well dressed and had undoubtedly taken her own life with much deliberation for a revolver with one chamber empty was found upon the ground at her side.

The woman who shot and killed herself at a little after 7 o'clock on Friday night in Central Park, within one hundred yards of the police gate house, situated at the West Seventy-second street entrance to the Park, has been identified as Miss Mary Elizabeth Stevens, of No. 158 South Portland avenue, Brooklyn.

The identification was made at the Morgue shortly before 1 o'clock yesterday by the suicide's brother, Luther E. Stevens, an elderly drug clerk, who had been searching for his sister all of Friday night.

Mr. Stevens was greatly agitated when he entered the Morgue, and, nervously twitching a newspaper, asked Keeper White to show him the body referred to in the article.

Keeper White opened one of the many doors in the large ice chests, where bodies are stored, and drew out a body wrapped in a white sheet. Mr. Stevens stepped forward. At that moment Keeper White removed the covering from the face. The little gas jet flared up, and as the light fell on the refined features of the dead woman Mr. Stevens leaned forward, and then steadying himself with a great effort, said:

"Yes, it is she. All night long I feared it would come to this, but I had hoped it might not be so."

Dr. Otto Schultze, physician for Coroner Hoeber, was present, and seeing how affected Mr. Stevens was he laid his hand gently on the latter's arm and led him out of the dead house. Keeper White replaced the corpse and a little card of identification was tacked on the door of the ice-box.

After Mr. Stevens had partly recovered he said: "My sister had been suffering for more than a week from the grip. She had refused to allow a doctor to attend her and was so well, apparently, on Friday that she started out about 4 p. m. to order a few things for the house. She was a woman of exceptional punctuality, and she had not returned at 6 o'clock we went to her room and found she had donned her newest clothes."

"Her efforts were arranged as if she never intended using them again, and as there has always been a streak of melancholia in her disposition, I notified the Brooklyn police at about 8 o'clock to look out for any woman who might be picked up. I visited the police station and sent to all our friends and places she might have visited. We had a general alarm sent out, but received no information regarding our sister. Seeing the notices in to-day's papers, I hastened to the Morgue to find my worst fears confirmed."

"She was about forty-one years of age, and was one of four children of Robert L. Stevens, of Ceres, Cattaraugus County, N. Y. The children are Robert N., my brother, who has an office in New York; Louise, the youngest; Mary, and myself. We all lived together in Brooklyn, Mary acting as housekeeper. She was an artist, limiting her work to decorations on china, and was also a skilled stenographer. At present we are in reduced circumstances, and it was my sister's intention to rent rooms in our house, and to that end she had made several needed purchases. My sister bought the revolver in New York, and thoroughly knew how to use it. I taught both of my sisters how to shoot years ago, and both were good shots. I am a druggist, and am satisfied my sister did not use leadsmen, notwithstanding the fact that a small bottle containing the drug was found near the huge rock where she ended her life."

"The funeral will be held very privately the first of the week from our home, and I will have the body brought there at once. There is no question in my mind that she was temporarily suffering from mental aberration, for with rare exceptions she was of a sunny and contented nature. She left absolutely no message, nor did she ever, so far as I am able to learn, express any desire to kill herself."

Dr. Schultze issued a permit to Mr. Stevens for the removal of his sister's body. She was five feet five inches in height and weighed about 120 pounds.

Miss Stevens had a large circle of acquaintances in Brooklyn, having lived there for more than twelve years, and her intimate friends are prostrated by the news of her sad death.

CUBAN VESSEL STEALS AWAY.

The Clara Bell, with Tons of Ammunition, Eludes Officers.

Jacksonville, Fla., March 23.—The schooner Clara Belle succeeded in evading the United States and Spanish cruisers at Cape Florida some time during last night and is now on her way to Cuba with at least fifty men. The volunteer crew are all native Americans and well used to dangers of sea and war.

There is great excitement in this city to-day over the mysterious disappearance of the ten tons of arms and ammunition that the tug Three Friends discharged at the Alabama Coal Wharf Thursday. Two Spanish detectives and one or two Americans watched the building all last night, but in spite of that fact some time between midnight and morning the implements of war were stolen and taken to sea. The Three Friends has not got them on board, as she met with an accident and is now at Mer-Hill & Stevens's shop, being repaired.